

Wind Don't Have To Hurry

John Hiatt

Now the wind don't have to hurry
Blowing 'cross my bones
Rollin' up the pastures
Smoothin' out the stones
There's fire on the mountain
Dark angels in the trees
The wind don't have to hurry
They're taking what they please

Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na

Now the thought police are coming
Right up to your door
They say you have no liberty
If you're who they're looking for
No writ of habeas corpus
No platform of dissent
Now the wind don't have to hurry
Only the wind knows where you went

Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na

Now the wind don't have to hurry
Blowing through my soul
I stole for gold and diamonds
And buried in this hole
They brought my love a pistol
They put it to her head
Now the wind don't have to hurry
She was already dead

Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na
Na-na-na-na-na-na